THE

Presbyterian Lash.

OR,

NOCTROFF'S MAID WHIPT.

A

Tragy-Comedy.

AS

It was lately Acted in the Great Roome at the *Pye Tavern* at *Algate.*

By *Noctroffe* the Priest, and severall his Parishoners at the eating of a chine of Beefe.

The first Part.

LONDON:

Printed for the use of Mr. *Noctroffs* friends, and are to be sold at the *Pye* at *Algate*, 1661.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

To Master

ZACH. NOCTROFFE.

SIR,

KNowing that it is your great ambition (for the carrying on of your designes) to be popular, as your many pamphlets against Divine Service and Episcopacy, do sufficiently demonstrate: and Sir, knowing that your own time is so extreamly taken up in preparing and fitting your self to cant forth sedition at St. Antholins, where I out of curiosity was lately to hear you, and believing that it is your intent to raise your self as high as your late Patron Hugh Peters; and rather than a week should passe, and somewhat of your name not appear in print, I have made bold to publish this piece, hoping, though it may have as little sence in it as some of your own, you will patronize it: and Sir, Ile assure you, that so soon as I can receive perfecter intelligence of your late transactions in your parish, and be better informed of your designes, I shall publish them to the world, that your fame may never dye. Thus, Sir, hoping, though I present not one of these my self to you, yet you will protect this from this Censorious Age; I rest

SIR,

Yours to do you service

K. F.

The Names of the Actors.

Noctroffe a hot-headed *Presbyterian* Priest.
Carp a Brewer } Churchwardens and
Denwall a Joyner } honest Cavaliers, } All Enemies to *Noctroffe*.
Gooſe a Carpenter } two blind Indepen-
Lellie a Chandler } dents,

Light a Taylor, } two hot-headed *Presbyters*, and Friends to
Forger an Uſurer } *Noctroffe*.

Jone, *Noctroffs* Maid,
Gammar *Trounce* her Mother.

THE

Presbyterian Lash,

A Tragy-Comedy.

Scæna Prima.

Enter *Carp* the Brewer, and *Denwall* the Joyner.

Den. IF ever I heard the like, would I might be hang'd.

Carp. I protest 'twill be an eternal shame to our Parish, that such a fellow as this should be permitted to live amongst us, 'tis a fine age I'faith when such *Belswaggers* must be taking up Wenches Petticoats, We shall in time have neither our Wives nor Daughters live quietly by them, at least we shall hardly get them to Church, for fear of their Bumfiddles, if once they hear how Mr. Parson begins with wenches of eighteen.

Den. Pox take him, hee's cunninger at a Girle than we took him for--- I warrant he thought that the tickling the Wenches buttocks with the Rod, would provoke her to Lechery, O they are a company of dry whoremasters, still Sows i'faith; or else it may be the poor Whores breech was so cold that she could not bear it out stoutly against a bench or bed side, and therefore he was resolved to warme it.

Carp. Come neighbour, you'l never leave off this waggish talk, but Prethee what do people report it was for?

Den. Why truly brother, there are so many reports why and wherefore, that a man does not know what to make on't: Some say that coming home one night, after he had been exercizing, or labouring, which you please, at St. *Antholins*, sweating like a Bull, he calls for his little Sattin Cap, to shift that on his head, (for though he debominates a what de'e call it, three cornered Bishops cap, yet he can as well be hang'd as preach without one) but O misery, by the carefulnesse of his Maid *Joan*, the cap was fallen into the Embers in the chimney-corner, which had so heated it, that what with his afternoons exercize, and power of the Seacol ashes, his brains were so set on fire by next morning, that away into *Kent-street* he posts, buyes me a bundle of birch, comes home, calles his maid *Joan* into his closet, takes up her coates, and to firking he goes by wholesale.

Carp. Pox take her for an ignorant Whore, could not shee cry out a Rape? O that I had been one of the Jury, if he had come to have been arraigned.

Den. I, or I either, I would have taught him how to play at flats y'faith, or to take up linnen upon trust, without paying for it.

Carp. Paying for't? Nay faith they say the poor Wench was paid soundly: she had little reason to say she was not paid, he flaw'd her sweetly; but come neighbour, we must be serious, such scandals as these must not be past by without taking notice of, while we are Church-wardens; I'me sure we shall have Neighbour *Goose* the Carpenter, and *Lelly* the Chaundler to joyn with us in petitioning for his rejection; and though they be

be Rogues of a worse sect then he, yet they'l do more towards it than we can, as times goe.

Den. I cannot endure the sight of those *Independent* Rascalls, but it's no matter, if they will but serve our businesse, I'le try how I can bear looking upon them.

Carp. Hang them, I care for them for no other end: but 'whist, here they come.

Scæna Secunda.

Enter *Goose* and *Lelly.*

Carp. Good morrow neighbours, have you heard what a firker our Parson *Noctroffe* is grown?

Goose. Yes truly neighbours, we have heard it, and are very much grieved that a man who professes himself a teacher of the Gospel is become a scandall to his profession, and the Church, contrary to the rule of the Apostle *Paul* in the----

Den. Nay, Good neighbour *Goose*, no canting; We are very unsensible how it is not only contrary to Gospel, but good Manners to take up a Wenches Petticoats, Smock and all; but what shall we do to get him out? that he may not in time serve our wives so.

Lell. Truly neighbours we shall be very free to joyn with you in so good a work, for I can prove by many Texts of Scripture, that scandalous teachers are to be rejected: as first,-----

Carp. Nay good Neighbour we have no need now of your proofs, but let us loose no time, but advise what course we shall take. *Enter Light & listens.*

Lelly.

Lelly. Truly I can say no more to this, till we have heard the maid her self relate what, and how this was brought to passe: but my brother and I here have some other Articles to draw up against him, and then we will meet again, and speak with the chastized and afflicted Damosell.

Carp. Agreed, we will meet you here about half an houre hence. *Exeunt.*

Manet Light.

Scæna Tertia.

Light, Forger.

Light. Ha! a fine discovery!
A flat downright conspiracy against Honest Mr. *Noctroffe* to turn him out of his living; but who could expect better from such a crew as there was met together? a couple of as Arch-Profane-Episcopal-Antichristian-Cavaliers, as any are in *England*, & another of cunning-subtle-sly-deviliſh-hypocrytical, & Antichristian Independents too; match me two such couple in all the territories of the Whore of *Babylon*, and I'me mistaken. The first he sticks to Popish ceremonies, whether the *Pope* will or no, so he is sure of him; but the last is meerly drawn in by a Jesuitical party: Well, let people talk what they will of one Antichrist, I do verily protest and believe, that there are two in this very Parish; here is such heaving, and setting one against another: *Ephraim* against *Many-asses*, and *Many-asses* against *Ephraim*, and both against our *Judah*, or rather our *David*, honest Mr. *Noctroffe*: Well, but I'le e'ne go and provide him against their assault. O but here comes my Neighbour *Forger* the Usurer, wee'le e'ne go together. *Enter Forger.*

For. Good

For. Good morrow Neighbour *Light.*

Light. Thank you kinde Mr. *Forger*: Oh! I have made the braveſt diſcovery to day; here's *Carp* the Brevver, and his fellovv-Church-Warden, vvith *Goose* and *Lilly*, have been conſpiring together to dravv up Articles to turn out honeſt Mr. *Nocktroffe.*

For. Is't poſſible?

Light. Poſſible! Why I proteſt I over heard them diſcourſe of it; but if they turn him out of the pariſh, they ſhall turn me too; and before they ſhall do that, *I* le ſpend a brace of hundred pounds, or tvvo brace if need be.

For. And truly Neighbour I think you will do very vvell in it.

Light Truly Neighbour I'le aſſure you I vvill not ſee that honeſt man vvronged? I have bettered by his Teaching many years before he came into our pariſh; and now he is in, he ſhall not go out in haſt if I can help it.

For. No truly Neighbour ſhould he not.

Light. Nor ſhall not Neighbour, I hope one day to be an Elder of his Congregation, for all this; Sure thoſe in Povver vvill have more vvit then to turn him out of his Living for chaſtizing his Servant. But come Neighbour, let us tell him vvhat ſnares they have prepared againſt him, that he may avoid them.

For. With all my heart. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Quarta.

Enter Noctroffe *and* Light,

Noct. WHy truly Brother *Light* you do a Chriſtian-like Work thus to inform me hovv, and vvher the Wicked have pitched their ſnare againſt me, but I

truſt the Lord Will deliver me out of their pits; however I would winn them rather by fair meanes to deſiſt from their wicked courſes, then let them perſiſt therein to their own deſtruction. Good Brother let me perſwade you to go to them, and deſire to know the reaſons of their diſtaſte againſt me.

Light. Sir, 'tis principaly known about your Maid.

Nott. Alas Brother! I hope ſo think that a man may lawfully chaſtize his ſervants for their ſouls good; but pray tell them I ſhall be ready to ſatiſfie them in that or any other point that troubles them.

Light. I ſhall uſe my utmoſt endeavour to reſtraine them. *Exit.*

Nott. Do good Brother.

Hee's gone tis well; and now I am alone
I may with Freedom vent my thoughts. Have I
Not many years ſince lived by Deceit,
Makeing the Pulpit and the Word a Cloak
To my Deſigns, whilſt not the advance of that,
But of my ſelf, have been my chiefeſt aims?
And ſhall I now be baffled by a crew,
Half *Cavalier*, half *Independant*? Hold,
They are but boyes in cunning, and too young
To drive me from ſo rich, ſo fair a Living,
Unleſs't be to a better: Yet I muſt
To circumvent them, now abuſe the Faith
Of this hot-headed Fellow that adores me,
And takes what ere I ſpeak for Oracles----
I have ſent him now to talke with my Antagoniſts:
Not that I think his words can ere reſtrain
Them from their folly, but his Works may do it.
For I have thus deſigned it: *Carp.* I know
Is collerick and fiery, and by railing
Will heat *Lights* brains; ſo that without all doubt
Some words will fal to take advantage by,
Will make him leave off me, to follow Law:

The

The tother's but a Bladder full of Wind,
Can hurt but little, though thrown ne're so hard.
Thus are the *Cavaliers* disposed, next couple
I must endeavour both to set odds
Betwixt themselves, and with the *Cavaliers*;
For I gav *Light* instructions to that purpose.
Then spite of Fate and them Ile keep my Living,
Laughing when some of them may chance to weep,
Who to their costs will pay for their attempting
To thrust out me; so Ile deceive the world:
Since without cheats no Wealth is to be had,
But when they thrive, 'tis comfort to be bad. *Exit.*

Scæna Quinta.

Enter Carp, Denwall, Goose, Lilly.

Carp. WElcom Neighbours, I'me ene very glad to see you so welmet according to your words: What Mr. *Goose*, have you brought any thing against Mr. *Noctroffe*; pray let's see.

Goose. Never fear Sir, we shall have that to show against him, he will hardly claw off in hast; but will the Maid come hither, that we may hear more fully what she can say against him.

Den. I, I, she will be here presently; but pray when she comes, let me have the examination of her, I love such baudy stories with all my heart.

Car. It will better become Mr. *Lelly*, as the most elderly man.

Den. Faith you say right; and I have often heard too, that the brothers and sisters when they are alone, are very expert in baudy discourses. But see, she and her Mo-

ther Gamar *Trounce* are come; Well say what you will, I will shoot my bolt now and then, though it be but a foolish one, yet out it must [*Enter Gam* Trounce & Joane.

Lelly. You're very wellcome good Woman; is this your Daughter, she that was so unseemly chastised by profane *Noctroffe*

Gam. Trounce. I do not know what you mean by seemly nor *Chastized* neither; but this is my Daughter that Mr. *Noctroffe* like a base sneaking man as he was, tooke and whipt as though she had been a Dog; Ah, and I had been by, I'de have claw'd out his eyes, that *I* would, like an uncivil fellow as he was, to go to take up my Girls Petticoats, and at that age too, when she was as able to bear Children as his mother ---

Lelly. Peace good woman, and let your Daughter answer for her self. Maid, For what Causes or Reasons did he use the so.

Jone. Truly sir he said very little to that purpose your Worship speaks of, but told me he must chastise me for the good of my soul.

Den. Alas poor man--*And the fit was come on him now, now now*
And the fit was come on him now-------

Lelly. Hold good Neighbour; but Pray Maid, where was it that he Performed this unseemly act in the sight of God and Man.

Jone. Oh no Sir, he was too close to do it so publikely. Indeed Sir he called me into his private Closet, and there by main force used me so seemly as your Worshipe sayes.

Car. But did he attempt no further? Had he not some design to have ravisht thee, and when he could not compass that, did the other in revenge?

Jone. Truly your Worship speaks very likely, for while he was struggling to get up my Coates, he would often thrust up his hand------ *I* am ashamed to tell you where

Car.

Cur. And wert thou such a fool as not to cry out a *Rape*.

Jone. O Lord, he said he would whip me to death if I did but cry out, or speak---

Den. A perfect intended Rape I dare protest.

Goose. Truly Neighbour I am of your mind clearly; for first, Why should he call a Virgin of that age and parts into a privy-house?

Jone. No sir, no, it was not in the House of Office, and had, I could have got away from him, for there's never a Lock, nor never a Key to that door; but his Closet-door has a great Lock to it, besides there's a Bench stands so conveniently---

Den. Alas poor Wench, all things conspired against thy Buttocks that day, but prethee did he whip thee with a rod, or clap thee with his hand.

Jone. Sir, he had a great Birchen Rod as big as a broom almost, and yet he gave me two or three claps with his hand; but if he had done no more, I would ne're have spoke on't, that I would not; Ile warrant I had learnt to play at clap-- from a child.

Den. A Pox take him for a Letcherous thief, I warrant thou hast a good pair of Buttocks, and he could as well as be hang'd as see, and not be a feeling too; but did he see no farther then thy back-side.

Joan. O yes, I tumbled and rould over and over, quite the length of the form, but durst not cry out any other then, O good Master, for goodness sake---

Gam. Trounce. Alas poor Girl, no, Ile dare say't, I warrant thou hadst not been whipt a great while before; I dare say Gentlemen, that I have not whipt her my self this ten years, and then poor thing, she would cry out the prettiest would do your heart good to hear her; but if I thought Mr. *Dennall*, as you say, that he pretended to ravish her, I'de trounce him Ile warrant you, for all he is the Parson of our parish---

Den. How do you know but he might have done it?

Gam.

Gam. Trounce. By my Fackins-law, and I don't know neither; What say you *Joan*? Did he----? Speak Wench, if he did, we're be affraid to tell it---

Den. Speak Wench; if he did, thou art not the first that such a *Bellswagger* has ravisht.

Joan. No truly Sir, I don't know, I can't tell; yet sometimes when he put his hand between my Thighs to keep me on upon the Fourm, he tickled me so, that I think I was almost ravisht with it.

Car. A fine piece of Bawdery to be acted by a Parson, think ye Gentlemen. But who comes here? Ohlhis Friend *Light*. Well, good Woman and your Daughter, you may go, but I hope you won't fail to *Enter Light* assist us in a Course at Law with him.

Gam. Trounce. No I warrant you Sir, he shan't whip my Daughter for nothing. *Exit Gam. Trounce & Joan.*

Scæna Sexta.

Light, Carp, Denwall, Lelly and *Goose.*

Light. WEll, truly Neighbours I am very sorry to see you so busie about a thing of nothing, to go and endeavour to turn out an honest, pious, religious, and pains-taking man out of your Parish; but he whose Cause it is, will not let you prosper.

Car. Thou'rt a pretty fellow to make this a good Cause, or call him an honest or pious man that casts such scandals upon us and the whole Parish; I grant you he may be a pains taking man; for it seems he took extraordinary pains with his Maid.

Lelly. Truly it was a very filthy, base, I will not say baudy action; (for I would not have such a prophane word in my

mouth) : And truly I think not to be permitted or tolerated in a Parish besides, there are many other things too, we have against him, that it's a very shame --

Light. Why good neighbour we know how much you are his enemy, but for all your scandalls and inventions and pretences, he will be found an honest good man in the end.

Car. An honest man yes a very honest man, a divil rather or worse then a divil; a meer wolfe clad like a little like a sheep, though a man may easiely discern him through his gown? one that thinks it sanctity to damne all but his own followers, whom under a show and pretence of Precisenes hee seduces, Oh a sermon of an hour and a half long, with a mouth drawne aside and one eye winkt withall (as if he would spy among his Parishioners which is most like to be cheated, is a fine Cloake to cover a dissembler and to couzen the world in.....

Light. Your a base scandelous fellow thus to abuse a Person of his Coat learning and honesty,

Dem. His coate! what do ye mean neighbour his maids Peticoates he has not put them on since he took them up, has he?

Light. I your e'ne of the same Gang a couple of base Profane cheating rogues and villaines as you are.

Car. bear witnes Neighbour.

Light I witnes what you will I say again and again you are a profane Cheating rogue and Ile prove you so now carp and catch at what you will or can

Carp. I believe I shall have some Catch-poles for you friend, ere it be long: What satisfaction can you give me for the defaming my Credit, as you have done? But what do I talk to you of satisfaction? You have just such a Conscience as your Ring-leader *Noctroffe*; and his is as hard as his Pulpit.

Light. I, I, go on and talk what you will, you shall finde either him or me hard enough for you, and both he and his

Pulpit

Pulpit shall stand in spight of your teeths---

Den. Well said Wasp; but now you talk of his Pulpits standing, wee'l make him make that he has pull'd down, stand again, or wee'l make him hold up his hand at the Bar for stealing from the Parish; They are not such fools yet as to let the Pulpit be taken away where they may one day see an honest man stand again.

Light. Talk on, talk on; Come neighbours *Goose* and *Lelly*, you are not so profane as these two, Churchwardens do you call them, they are not fit to bear any office either in Church or State; they have a trick to bring in the Popish Bishops, with their Tippets and Surplices, and other Fopperies, and now they would turn out honest Mr. *Nectroffe* to bring in a Popish Prelatical Parson, as profane as themselves.

Lelly. Indeed Neighbour, if we thought they had any such intention, we would have nothing to do with them, for we would do all for the best, and we have hopes to bring in one that is an honest godly man indeed.

Car. Come, come Neighbour, take no heed to what he says now; he sees he cannot prevail with us to persist from seeking Justice by his Railing and Brawling, he fiddles I know not what into your ears to make you fall off from us, but I hope you'l have more wit.

Lelly. I, but indeed Neighbour if you intend any such thing as he says, we cannot in conscience stick to you to turn out a bad to take in a worse.

Den. Come come lets first turn him out and then wee'l think of discommodating the business as well as we can afterwards.

Goose I, I, neighbour *Lelly* they speak but reason, we shall not fall out, let him but be out first.

Lelly Go, go you are fool, but Ile not be fool'd by none of them I wont assist in the turning him out except we may be assured that Mr. *Simp* may come in.

Light. I'me glad to see this however that though my purse

purse is like to pay for my tongue, yet they are so fallen out amongst themselves that they will very heardly do Mr. *Nethroffe* any hurt I'le go and acquaint him. *Exit*

Car. Wel all that I can say to it then, is that if you won-not do it, Wee'l do it our selves; come Neighbour *Denwall* come.

Exeunt several ways.

Scæna Septima.

Enter Noctrosse *solus.*

ALthough I am so well acquainted with
The humors of my present enemies,
That I can'e doubt that all has prospered just
As I determined yet I long to Leave it
But sure I am unless my Proselyte, *Light*
Or my *Light* proselyte which you please to terme him
Has lost his common temper, he and Carp
As passionate a fool almost as tother
Are Deeply fallen out nor do I fear but something
Has hapned in discourse to make a breach
Of the grand union which conspired against me
My parrish is divided to my wish
We all know it is a certain rule
Though blemished for the divells invention
Devide and raign the truth on't tis I care not
Much Whose the inventions was but if it suite
With my designes as now it does make use oft
For howsoere it seem abroad to bear
A tender conscience, and to be precise
In what I do to blind the eyes of people
Tis but a cloak to varnish ore my Policie

And do gain credit and esteem 'ith world
Of being pious, holy, thus I have
By seeming Sanctity gain'd the greatest part
Of my parishioners, who are so dull-sighted,
They cannot see these tricks serve but my end:
Now it must be my care for to maintain
A fence 'twixt t'other Factions and them,
And then 'twixt t'other two, betwixt themselves.
The *Independents* most I fear, for they
Are many of them cunning too, and know
How to dissemble with the world, but though
Their *Parson Simp* be subtile and a great
Huge Mastive fellow, able to contain
Thrice as much cunning as he has; hee'l find
A little *David* will be strong enough
To cope a great *Goliah*: Tother party
Has little danger in them, as the world
Goes now; for they'l be sure to find
An opposition both from him and me. Enter *Light*.
But here comes *Light*.
Neighbour, what news?

Light. I have been Sir with your Enemies, and there Mr. *Carp* that prophane Fellow uttered so many scandals against you, that I could not restain my tongue: But I am afraid *I* have spoke somewhat will cost my purse.

Noct. O brother, you should learn to bridle your passions.

Light. Indeed Sir I could not, they were so high, and had got there your Maid and her Mother in Examination, and did so rail at you, that it was impossible for flesh and blood to hold: So I expect an action every minute.

Noct. I am sorry for't, that you should suffer for your love to me---but who are these? *Enter a Serjeant*
Light. Tis as I told you Sir, they're Serjeants. *& Yeoman*.
Serj. Mr: *Light*, I have an action against you.
Light. At whose suit Sir?

Serj.

Serj. At Mr. *Carps*.

Nott. What is it Sir?

Serj. An Action Sir, I told you.

Nott. But for how much, or for what?

Serj. An Action of Defamation in a thousand pounds.

Nott. Well Gentlemen, if you'l take my word, Ile engage he shall put in Bail to your action within this two hours.

Serj. I am content, so he pay my fees.

Light. Here they be. *Gives him money.*

Serj. Farewel Sir, thank you. *Exit Serjeant and Yeoman*

Light. I told you so sir, that this cross fellow would be upon my back ere he slept.

Nott. Well, it can't be helpt; do you make haste and put in bail, that I forfeit not my word; there's friends enough will be ready to do yon service upon my desire; *Forger* will be sure to be one.

Light. I doubt not but he will sir; farewell. *Exit.*

Nott. Adieu---

How are my plots now prosperous beyond hope
Or thought! but I must now contrive a way,
That they may end as they have well begun:
I have it: Blessed brains! it shall be thus.
Now I have set these two at enmity;
The way to make me friends with *Carp*, will be
To make him friends with *Light*; and so will both
Be friends to me, and the designs against me---
Vanish like smoake; and their devices set
To turn me from my living, make me more
Secure and firm in it, then ere before.
But stay, did not *Light* say that they had got
My Maid and her old doting Mother *Trounce*
Under examination? there may come
At least disgrace, if not worse ill by that;
I must prevent them here, lest they should take
Her Oath before a Justice, else 'tis vain;
The old man ows me money; him Ile threat

To send to Prison, if they do not force
Their Daughter to deny whatere she has said:
This, with some present money added, does't.
But will my Conscience then permit me give
A bribe against the truth? it must not be.
Tush! Conscience! theres a fair and a rich Living
That lyes in competition; com't must be
Ne're more dispute it; *I*le send for the Maid
To come here to me with her Mother; and
I know how easily to work upon them.
What wonder will it seem, I pray, if I
That can dissemble so, teach others lye. *Exit.*

Scœna Octava.

Enter Carp *and* Denwall *in a Tavern.*

Carp. ILE teach the Rogue another time how to use his tongue—a Schismatical, Puritanical Whelp, to tel me to my face that I was a cheating Rogue, and hee'd prove me so! *I*le prove what strength his purse has now, before I leave him; he has put in bail to my Action.
Here Drawer, some Wine. *Enter Drawer.*

Draw. You shall have the best sir.

Den. Who are his bail, can you tell?

Carp. Why, his crop-ear'd brother *Porter* is one, that old usuring Cur, that has the Conscience to take ten in the hundred, and a gift besides for the loan of his money; a fellow that's as slow and dull of his tongue, as the other is quick.

Den. I, I know him well enough; but *a pox*, nothing vexes me, but that those two non-sensical Puppies should fall off so, when we had almost brought our business to an end: Oh *I* would fain have had the little *David* been served as he served his Maid.

Car. How?

Den. Why whipt a little, whipt soundly about the pig-market or at a horses tail, O that *I* had had the jerking of him *I* de have claw'd his Buttocks for him; and then *I* would have had him branded with a *W.* in his fore-head that all the world might take Notice of the Whiper

Car. Faith Neighbour *I* have often heard of *the Presbyterian Lash*, but never knew the meaning of it till now, come Neighbour to you. *Enter drawer with wine* *Drinks*

Den. To you again *Drinks*

Lash do you call it; had the poor Wench found out another swash to couple with her she might have deserved the lash; but the poor wench ——

Carp. Come Neighbour now we are merry lets hear that Song, thou sing it well *I* me sure, and for a baudy Song theres none ith City like thee.

Den. Why then have at it, but first lets drink, as the Thresher said to his man, *Drinks.*

SONG.

All Christians and Lay-Elders too
For shame amend your lives,
I'le tell you of a Dog-trick now,
which much concerns your wives.
An Elders Maid near Temple Bar,
(ah what a Queen was she!)
Did take an ugly Mastive Curre
where Christians use to be.
Help House of Commons, House of Peers,
oh now or never help!
The *Assembly* having sate four years
have now brought forth a whelp.
2. *One Evening late she stept aside,*
pretending to fetch Eggs,
And there she made her self a Bride
to one that had four legs.
Her Master heard a rumblement,
and wonder'd she did tarry,
Not dreaming (without his consent)
his Dog would ever marry.
Help House of Commons, &c.
3. *He went to peep, but was afraid,*
and hastily did run
To fetch a staff to help his Maid,
not knowing what was done;
He took his Ruling-Elders Cane,
and cry'd out help, help here!
For Swash our Mastive, and poor Jane
are now Fight Dog, fight Bear.
Oh house of Commons, &c.
4. *But when he came, he was ful sorry,*
for he perceiv'd their strife,

That

That according to the Directory,
they two were Dog and VVife:
Ah (then said he) thou cruel quean,
why hast thou me beguil'd
I wonder'd Swash *was grown so lean*
poor Dog he's almost spoil'd.
Oh house of Commons, &c.

5. *I thought thou hadst no carnal sense*
but whats in other Masses,
And could have quenabt thy cupiscence
according to the Classes,
But all the Parish set it plain,
since thou art in this pickle,
Thou art an Independent *quean,*
and lov'st a Conventicle.
Oh house of Commons, &c.

6. *Alas now each Malignant Rogue*
will all the world perswade,
That she that's Spouse unto a Dog,
may be an Elders Maid;
They'l jeer us if abroad we stir,
Good Master Elder stay,
Sir, of what Classis *is your Cur?*
and then what can we say?
Oh house of Commons, &c.

7. *They'll many graceless Ballads sing*
of a Presbyterian,
That a Lay-Elder is a thing
made up half-Dog half-Man:
Out, out, (said he & smote her down)
was mankind grown so scant?
There's scarce another Dog in town
had took the Covenant,
Oh house of Commons, &c.

8 *Then* Swash *began to look full grim,*
and Iane *did thus reply,* (him
Sir, you thought nought too good for
you sed your Dog so high:
Tis true, he took me in the lurch,
and leapt into my arm,
But (as I hope to come to Church)
I did your Dog no harm.
Oh house of Commons, &c:

9 *Then she was brought to* Newgate.
and there was naked stript, [Gaol,
They whipt her till the Corp[illegible] fail,
as dogs use to be whipt.
Poor City Maids shed many a tear
when she was lash'd and bang'd,
And had she been a Cavalier,
surely she had been hanged.
Oh House of Commons, &c.

10. *Hers was but* Fornication *found,*
for which she felt the lash,
But his was Buggery *presum'd,*
therefore they hanged Swash.
VVhat will become of Bishops *then,*
or Independency,
For now we find both Dogs and Men,
stand for Presbytery.
Oh House of Commons, &c.

11. *She might have took a Sow-gelder,*
with Synod men good store,
But she would have a Lay-Elder
with two legs, and two more.
Go tell the Assembly *of Divines,*
tell Adoniram Blew,
Tell Burgess, Marshal, Cafe & Vines,
tell Now-and-Anon too.
Oh House of Commons, &c.

12 *Some said she was a Scotish Girl,*
or else (at least) a witch,
But she was born in Colchester,
was ever such a Bitch?
Take heed all Christian Virgins now,
the Dog-star *now prevails;*
Ladyes beware your Monkeys too,
for Monkeys have long tails.
Oh House of Commons &c.

13. *Bless* King *and* Queen, *& send us*
as we had seven years since, [peace,
For we remember no Dog-days
while we enjoy'd our Prince [Girls,
Bless sweet Prince Char. 2 Dukes, 3:
O save his Majesty! (Earls,
Grant that his Commons, Lords and
may lead such lives as He.
Oh house of Commons, &c.

Car.

Carp. Excellently well performed faith; O how I love to hear these Precise, Puritanical rogues jear'd, but faith all this, while we're thinking of drawing in our brace of independants again.

Dan. Hang them, tis but Colloguing again and makeing them beleive that when hee's out there logger headed Simpleton shall come in, and they'l be as ready to join with as ... I dont know what

Cap. Let us then go about it, or at least go you to *Goose*, he seems the most yeilding, whilst I go fee my Attourney to declare next court day against my peevish prickslouse adversary *Light*. *Exeunt*

Scena Nona.

Gamer Trounce Solus.

VEry well, very well, now he has abused my Daughter and turned up her Petticoates and paid her buttockes for her, I must be sent for to make her hold her tongue, by my fackens law I had as full a dissolution to have made him have smok't fort as ever I had since my live-long day. Nay and't had not been for the fear of my poor Gaffers going into jayle, I should ha made him remember how he meddles with wenches Bums as long as he had a day to live, but he heares that I and my Daughter had been in *Coranobus*, with Mr. Church-Warden his worshipe, and some other grave tradesmen of the parish, and whip say's he and imediately sends for me and my daughter, but by my nickins my poor Girle was affraid to go, and I can't forewarne her for it; she had so lately been Clapperd-claw'd by him, that and I were as She, ide ne're come there more, by these ten bones, and that's a great oath, he had so flawg'd her, that for two days she was hardly able to sit on her britch, I was fain to send

to

to my neighboure Gamer Spindles to borrow her down pillar for to sit her upon, but by my truth law he should never have dissuaded me, to put it up, if he had not given me this money too. my Gaffer should ene
have gone to prison though I had *shewes a bag of money*
work't day and night upon my bare
knees for him, rather then my girl should have been so used; but *I* must go home and destruct her as Mr. *Parson* say's what she must say if they should come again, but twill be a hard case if she should be Put to her Oath---- to have her forswear her self; but if he does Mr. *Parson*---- has promised heel give her---- *I* dont know, what d'ee call it——— Hem——— tis a very hard word——— hem——oh! consolation consolation——— I hope he means more mony by it.

Enter Carp

Carp. Gamar *Trounce* Gamer *Trounce* *she offers to go out*---

Gam. *Trounce*, Whose that calls? oh *Offers to go out again*

Carp: Why Gamer *Trounce* come heither I say

Gamer. *Tro.* Well now must I deny all---- Oh Mr: *Carp* how do you do? truly I heard some body call, but I could not tell where it was----

Carp. Well what do you intend to do about your daughters business—— when shall we take her oath before a justice

Gamer *Tro.* Her oath, pray Mr. *Church-Warden* for what?

Carp For what why about Mr *Nottroffs* whiping her

Gamer *Tro.* Indeed Sir. *I* do not know what you mean by my faith law, nor *I* beleive my daughter neither

Carp. Why was not thou before me and my brother and some others *Church-Wardens* about it this morning.

Gamer. *Tro. I* dont know indeed Sir. I can tell nothing of it---- fare you well to your worship---- *Exit*

Carp I think in my soul the Womans mad; what a devill ails she? o here has been fine Juggling, *I* finde it now-----

Serje. Your servant Mr. *Carp*---- *Enter Serjeant and Teo.*

Carp. O how dost do friend? thou didst Mr *Lights* business to day.

Serj.

Serje. I Sir, and now I have an Action against you.

Carp. An action against me at whose suit.

Serje. At Mr. *Noctroffe* the Parsons suit, Sir.

Carp. Ha! saist thou so, well? here thy fees I'le put thee in baile before night.

Serje. I Sir I dare trust you, farewell Sir

Carp. Godbye

So now we shall have fine work indeed, the truth on't is I spoke as much against the Parson, as *Light* did against me wel its no matter: I see scores wil be quit one time or other, well I must be content, *I*'le go put in my bail------ bnt these are such envious fellows that I could in my heart wish all things were undone again. *Exit*---

Scena Decima.

Enter Noctroffe, Solus.

HA, ha, ha, ha, ha,—
how could I split my lungs with laughing now
To see how things strive to content me!
Fortune *I* could adore thee for a Goddess---
With all my heart; *I* could turn heathen now
It were but for an hour to Worship thee.
What fools are these that say thou favourest fools
It is the bold Audacious fortune helps
Or in plain text a knave, That's such as *I*---
So me fool perhaps now might have been amazed,
Besoted, stupied, to hear of such plots;
Contrivances against him would have frighted
His soul to nothing, and have made him yeild
Himself to th' mercy of his Enemies
But *I* was never such an asse, my heart
Rich in Deciets; hung round about with cuning

Was made to fool but never to be fool'd.
How neatly have I gull'd my adversaries
Carp's now arrested at my Suit for slander
And had been so before, had *I* before
but heard what words he spake, now *I* that thought
To have sent to him to reconcile all greifs,
Will make him come to me----and make him pay too;
Yet when that's done, to make the world beleive
I'me still a pure and undefiled Saint,
Ile out of seeming charity return
Part of the money, that I gain by law,
Unto his wife, so I gain her; and 'tis
A general Rule, when once the wife is got,
That ten to one the Husband follows too.
O blessed Genius! how dost thou induce me
To undo them who late strove to undo me! *Exit.*

Scœna undecima.

Enter a Lawyers Clark with Papers.

Here in a short *Epitomy*, *Epitomy* do I call it, rather a Volume of the Quarrels, Differences, Distractions, Confusions, betwixt a Parish-priest and his Parishioners; what fool, or ass, or idiot, or non-sensical Coxcomb must he needs be, that cannot plainly perceive, discern and see, that the Shepherd has set his Flock together by the ears. *Imprimis*, here is one *Light*, a light-headed fellow without doubt, set on by the Parson, is sued for abusing one of his parishioners, named *Carp*; and yet the Carping Coxcomb must needs call the *Parson*, *Jesuitical Priest*; so he is sued by him, whilst the Priest laughs in his sleeve at both, and my Master laughs at all, for whoever is a looser, he

he is sure to be a gainer. Well, 'tis a fine story; yet methinks the Jury were but non-sensical fooles, for they have fined Mr. *Light* too light a sum in my mind, when poor *Carp* is forced to pay one hundred pound for speaking the truth, the whole truth, & nothing but the truth; for my young Reason can easily guess, That theres nothing that savours more of *Jesuitical* tenents, then to set men together by the ears; but I think the Devil reigns in this age, these black-coats without their Gowns or Tippets, look so like imps, that I know not what to make of them otherwise—but I think my Master calls me—Well, I must ene go draw up a Judgement against honest *Carp*, for being a plain, down-right dealing fellow: 'Tis a sad age methinks my masters; but how to help it, faith, is beyond my skil to tell you. *Exit.*

Scena Duodecima.

Enter Carp *and* Denwall.

Carp. WAs ever man so abused, Neighbour, as I am? I protest I care not so much for the Money, but that the Law should be so retorted as it is now-a-dayes. That *Light* for defaming me, and utterly taking away my credit in the World, should be fined but twenty pound, and that they should set me at one hundred pound only for calling that base, seditious, scandalous fellow as he is—Well 'tis a hard case—

Den. 'Tis so indeed Neighbour, but we can't tell how to help it. Now a man had as good be hang'd as meddle with these black Cloaks, they have such tricks and such quillets, such strange Quodundrums to cheat a man of his money, as it passes—

Carp. A pox of their Quillets and their Quonundrums I'me sure I'me like to pay for't; but what shall I do now? canst advise me to be even with him.

Den. Why faith, if you have a mind to be even with him, you must even pay him the money that is adjudged him, and have a care how you meddle with him any more, till times mend; and then if you can whip and trounce him soundly, you'l do very good service.

Carp. But what way shall I take to send him his money?

Den. Why e'ne send it him, and make no more word on't, that is, send him fourscore pounds, and compound over the twenty pounds that is adjudged you from *Light*, that is, send him fourscore pound ready told, and put it to account for searching too far into the whipping of a Wench.

Carp. A pox of him and his Wench, would hee'd clawd her buttocks to the bone, so I had never medled with her: I'me sure I must pay sweetly for the cure of her breech: Yet nothing more vexes me, then that the damnd Whore her Mother should afterwards deny whatever both she and her daughter said to us: O there went some of the money that I must now pay afaith.

Den. But was the Devil so impudent as to deny it?

Carp. Was she! she told me flat and plain as I met her just coming out of the Parlons---that neither she nor her Daughter knew any thing of it.

Den. O impudent Jade!

Carp. Well, but come Neighbour, 'tis in vain now to dispute; I must e'ne now think of sending the dogged Rogue his money; but what wouldst say if the scoundrel should turn pretty honest, and send it back again.

Den. What would I say; why I would e'ne have it registred for a Miracle, and him canonized for the onely Saint that ever was, or I believe ever will be of his Faction; but I think you need never fear that such a good act will proceed from one of that crooked and perverse Generation.

Car. Nay, faith I'me of thy mind, but if he does not send back some, *Ile* e'ne swear he's as very a Devil as he would be a Saint should he send back all. But come, *Ile* entreat thee to carry him his money which lyes ready in the Bag dormant, before an Execution be served, which is the next thing *I* must expect.

Den. You may be sure of it; therefore make what haste you can with it.

Car. *I* me ready, though it be but with an ill will, God knows; come let's go. *Exeunt.*

Scœna decima tertia.

Enter Gooſe *and* Lelly.

Gooſe. TRuly Neighbour here has been ſtrange doings, fine going to Law, and quarrelling among our ſelves; I thought what it would come too, when we firſt began to fall out with the Church-Wardens; I thought I ſay, then, that we ſhould do nothing againſt *Noctroff*, but for him.

Lelly. Indeed brother *Gooſe*, if I had thought things would have been carryed as they have been, I would never have ſtood out, but ſince 'tis ſo, we muſt ene be content, and ſeemingly give our hands to the Reconciliation till another opportunity. *Enter* Carp *&* Ierve: But here comes the two Church-Wardens. Neighbours, what news?

Carp. Why, *I* uppoſe you know the News, now *Noctroff* has broke our heads, hee'l give us plaiſters; now he has ſet us all together by the ears, hee'l make us friends again; but the beſt for him is, 'twill be at my coſt; and *Ile* aſſure you Gentlemen, *I* think *I* have ſome reaſon to bid you.

you welcome to this feast, for my money will pay for it.

Goose. Truly Neighbour I'me sorry it should be so, but it is your own fault.

Carp. My fault? A pox take you and your fellow-schismatick there, 'twas your faults marry was it; and if—

Den. Nay Brother, now we are come to be friends, let us ene be friends; there has been cavilling enough already—methinks we need no more.

Carp. I, but when they go about to justifie—

Den. You will be talking till there come some mischief on't; come prethee be mild, and direct your passions, else what a condition will you be in to make friends!

Enter Noctroff, Light, Forger.

Noct. Good morrow neighbours all:
How fares it with you neighbour *Carp*? come let you and I shake hands, and forget all former passages between us; come neighbour *Light*, be you friends too
All shake hands Gentlemen. *They shake hands interchangeably.*
Why so, is it not better for Parishioners like Brethren to live in Christian charity, then
To be in continual debate and strife one amongst another?

Carp. Whose fault was't?

Noct. Nay neighbour, that ripping up of old sores will make us still have a spleen one against another, let's forget all that's past, and be as good friends as ever we were.

Den. That's talk Enemies *I* dare be sworn; for *Carp* and *I* were always so to thee. *Aside.*

Carp. Well Sir, *I* will be so, and now thank you for the twenty pounds you returned my Wife.

Noct. Never mention it; but neighbour *Forger*, you stand in a corner as if you were at enmity with every body else.

Forg. Who, I? no indeed Sir, *I* never fell out with any of them, and therefore *I* cannot be indemnity to them.

Noct.

Noct. Well neighbours, it rejoices my heart to see this our reconciliation. *I* have provided a Chine of Beef, or so, here at the *Pye* at *Aldgate*, that now we are friends, we may eat together like friends, and *I* hope we shall continue friends. Pray neighbours walk in, and *I*'le wait upon you instantly. *Exeunt all but* Noctroff.

Noct. And was not here a pretty crew of Coxcombs?
Dull sottish fellows, that scarce yet perceive
That my sole wit has brought these things about,
And contrived every minutes circumstance.
How do *I* glory in my self, and shrug,
To think how close, how cunning my deceits are?
How under the pure vail of Sanctity,
I cozen men, yet they believe me holy.
But what are these designs? pish, weak and small,
Fooling these fellows does but firm me here,
And not at all advance me; he that once
Has raised himself up in the world from nothing,
To appear something, if he does stay there,
Is but a blockish Coxcomb; my ambition
Soars higher yet; and one deceit that thrives
Prompts me to work another; nor shall any,
Though ne're so wicked, scape me, so it may
But either fill my purse, or raise me up
In popular esteem; for that's the thing:
Such whose lay-plots to mount as high as J,
Must chiefly aim; and in this J have
So well improv'd my time, that J may hope,
If things succeed, to prove an *English Pope*. *Exit.*

FINIS.

An EPILOGUE.

WE'le follow not the common course, to say,
Courteous Spectators, how d'ye like this Play?
Wee'l beg no Plaudites, nor desire you
To clap your hands: Then what d'ye think wee'l do?
Wee'l tell ye news, Our Play is spoil'd, we fear,
*For our prime Subjects is * confin'd, howere,* In the Tower.
In hopes he soon may visit Holborn *air,*
And as in his Devices, have a share
In false * Hughs *Punishment; we have thus much said,* Peters
To tell ye how he deserves t'advance Dun's *Trade.*

FINIS.